

I am Cleontae Cox, the younger brother of Cleshaun Cox. Although we were only a year apart I always looked at him as my superhero. He was always by my side, especially when I needed him the most. We did just about everything together whether it was sports, community events, church events or simply just us outside being kids. Growing up I looked up to Cleshaun. He was always like the perfect brother to me, great at just about anything he put his mind to. Boy Scouts, football, wrestling and being a youth leader. Cleshaun was never to be the troublemaking type of person, but anyone who knows him would tell you how respectful he is. If he knew you were having a bad day he'd be determined to change your mood by cracking jokes or simply saying something funny that you couldn't do anything but laugh. His biggest dream and goal was to become a police officer, even as kids we'd play "cops and robbers" he'd always be the cop so I had

no choice but to be the bad guy. As we got older he began to do jobs that would get him closer to his goal of becoming an officer. He'd volunteer at community events and school events, really any event where he could protect and serve his people. Growing up also he wanted to usher in church and play different instruments until he was ready to become a youth minister. Once he became a youth minister he would preach every other Sunday or whenever he got the chance. We would pray for each other and our mom and dad and our other family just because he'd want to pray. He loved serving God and he wanted us to feel the same. CleShaun has always be a loveable person, he taught and showed me things as a big brother and always wanted good for me even at times I was young and acting out. When I had my first kid he was one of if not my biggest supporter. Cared for my child as if she was his child. Although he has committed a crime I don't look at him any different or love him any less. He knows he messed up and it hurts him

Knowing what he did is wrong. He at times just calls to tell us he's sorry for what he did. Its hurting him to know were hurting for him. Constantly asks us to forgive him, but I always tell him I'm behind him and with him 1000%, and nothing will ever change that. I miss my big brother, we all do, he's been remorseful since everything has happened.



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